

Sketch

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Growing Up

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Growing Up

Patricia Frey

Abstract

what i used to say was take my hand somebody that was before i stood on an apartment roof with the wind and fog mixing in my hair or in the heat of august with the sun early, harsh, blazing, somber and i standing there all alone...

growing up

by patricia frey

journalism, jr.

what i used to say was take my hand
somebody
that was before i stood on an apartment roof with the wind
and fog mixing in my hair or in the heat of august with
the sun early, harsh, blazing, somber and i standing there all
alone.

life is a jerk stop going affair
wonderful
every place a bar with bands playing that loud music always
with those people one of us sprawled twicfold wrapped in a
corner
speaking with tingled tongues and happy lips in god knows
what fast
rhythm.

things are always coming and going
strange
the sea has moods every night different coming in calmly
then violent with full leash of madness being spent pounding
washing away a footprint or taking a pebble for a
ride.

so many of us growing up now
screaming
laughing crying loving drinking swearing growing up unreal
as pigeon watchers mechanized but not without you baby
doing nothing but flicking ashes in street gutters in the
city.